WIT AND HUMOR.

Young Author—"You have no idea how fluoutly I write when I am de-scribing some object I like—something I fairly dote on." Miss Flip—"What's tter with writing your blogra-

phy?"—Texas Siftings.

Travers—'You have actually sent a bill with my clothes. What insult! What infamy!" Tailor—'It was all our new bookkeeper's fault, sir. He got you mixed up with those who pay."

—Clothier and Furnisher.

"I've lost my position," said the man who had made application for assist-ance. "What were you engaged at?" "I was director of the mint." "In-deed!" "Yes, sir; I used to mix juleps."—Washington Post.

A story at hand, describing a love scene between the hero and heroine, says: "He wood her with a will." That's a good way, especially if the wooer is old and the will is in her favor."-Binghamton Leader.

Give the average man three days' work to be done in three days and he will boast the first day, loaf the second, and show the amount of work he has to do to prove that he is worked to death on the third .- Atchison Globe.

"Did you enjoy it off in the country, immie?" "Did I? Had a bully time. used to get up before anybody in the hotel and change all the boots and ring the fire-alarm, and I broke nine panes of glass in one week .- Harper's Bazar.

Colonel Greytop— Miss Uptown, I would like to introduce an old friend of mine—a soldier—one of the Balaklava Six Hundred." Miss Upn wn—"One of the Six Hundred! O, Colonel, hadn't I better see mamma first?"-

What, my child! You danced last night with the Colonel? And he goes to balls while he yet wears mourning? What a light man he must be!" "O but, mamma, really you should have seen how beautifully sadly he danced!"

Mr. Ticks—"Adam was certainly in great luck." Miss Wickles—"How was that?" Mr. Ticks—"Why, when he got a wife he had only to give up a rib; and now it takes all the backbone a man has just to think of getting mar-

Husband — "Anything you want down-down to-day, my dear? Shall I order some of that self-rising flour?" Wife—"We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-rising servant girl."—N. Y. Weekly.

'The difference between an embezzler and a Napoleou of finance is practically naught." "How do you make that out?" "Well, it's a matter of one or more naughts. Steal thousands and you are an embezzler; steal millions and you are the other thing." -St. Joseph News.

Bilkins Bothered by a piano next door, eh? Well, I have a dog which always howls when my wife plays the piano-howls so that she has to stoppiano-howls so that she has to stop-and I'd iet you have him if it wasn't for one thing." Wilkins — "Is he cross?" Bilkins—"No; I can't spare him."-N. Y. Weekly.

"Charlie, dear, what is a monopoly?" she asked, looking up tenderly, as she rested submissively in his arms with her dainty head nestled against his coat-collar. "Well," replied Charlie. manfully struggling to bring his mind to cope with abstruse subjects and failing altogether to get beyond concrete facts, "I sincerely hope that this is."Somerville Journal.

"Yes," said he, "we must conduct our affairs in a business-like manner. Wife will be my private secretary; my daughters. Emeline and Agnes, will direct my mail; our two sons will be obedient little pages-and every one shall be paid a salary." Then the youngest son raised his chubby fists to Heaven and exclaimed: "Father is out for Congress!"—Dullas News.

The Elephant's Taste for Dainties. One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows

lowlands of Central Africa. When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of

If the tree is loose the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk tarmy found the tree and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over and stands it with is upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk. African travelers tell us of great

tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one or if he can not find a fixed of the domain. for one—or, if he can not find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them as if they were crowbars deep under the roots and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.—St Nickolas.

In England and on many parts of the continent they have been for a long time using a horseshoe made by compressing common cowhide. It is compressing common cownide. It is compressed of three thicknesses of the cowskin pressed into a steel mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it is much lighter, that it lasts longer, and that split hoofs are never known in horses with the present the present that it is much lighter. using it. It is perfectly smooth on the bottom, no calks being required, the shoe adhering firmly on the most of the listed surface. Its elasticity pre-

A FAMOUS WAR SONG.

HOW "ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTO MAC" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

The Remarkable Career of Lamar Potaine, the Hero of Many Hard-Fought

"Yes, Fontaine was a most remarkable character," said General Charles P. Mattocks, of Portland, Me., as he handed me a package of letters and other data. "When I was a prisoner in the Confederates' hands at Charleston, S. C., a movement was started to exchange me for Fontaine, whom our troops had captured. Each of us held the rank of major at the time. But the scheme miscarried, and he was ex-changed for Major Harry White, of

"This man, Lamar Fontaine," continued the General, "is famous through the South for two things. It was be who, in May, 1863, undertook the seemwho, in May, 1863, undertook the seem-ingly foolhardy, but, nevertheless, suc-cessful, exploit of carrying a supply of perenssion caps from the Confederate General Loring's headquarters at Jack-son, Miss., to the beleagured General Pemberton in Vicksburg, when that

commander was entirely out of caps, and consequently could not fire a gun. 'Fontaine—who then, as now, was a Mississippian—had horses shot under him, and any quantity of bullets fired at him, making numerous holes in his clothes and equipage, beside other frightful dangers in that terrible ex-perience. He is the hero of twenty seven hard-fought battles, and came out of the war minus a leg and bearing other evidences of his war experiences. He is still living in his native State, where at the age of 60, he works hard at his profession of surveyor and civil

engineer.
The other thing for which he is celebrated is as the real author of the popular war song. 'All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night.' To be sure, that fact is disputed, but I notice in a book of war sougs recently published he is given the credit which to him right-fully belongs."

But it is not my purpose to go into the discussion of a question in which the public is little interested; what I do care for is the deeply interesting narrative of a war-time episode in con-nection with the poem, as told in his recent correspondence with me. These are the letters. Read them yourself."

'Thank you, General." It appears that not long after the first battle of Bull Run, in which Foutaine, as a private in Company K-the Burt Rifles-Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, took part, he was transferred to the Second Virginia Cavalry, and at the time of which this narrative treats was doing picket duty just above the head of an island near the Seneca Falls on the Potomac. This was in August, 1861—one month after Bull

It was here that Fontaine and another private named Moore formed a close friendship. Moore was a married man, and fairly idolized his wife and their two beautiful young children. Moore and Fentaine were together, whether on picket or guard duty. They clung to each other. They bought little hand-books of poems-Byrou, Burns, and others-and together they would sit in the cool shade of trees or hanging rocks that lined the Potomae above the Falls of Senera and read aloud to each other passages from their favorite authors

At this section of the two army line the pickets on either side of the waters, Federal and Confederate, had come to an understanding and agreement that there should be no firing at each other while on picket duty. And but for a treacherous violation of this contract by a dastardly soldier, the incident herewith related would not be the contract. would not have curred, and "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" would never have been penned. I give the story in Fou-

taine's own graphic words:

"We had to stand on a post six hours at a time. That night I took my stand at 6, and Moore retired to rest. The nights were chilly and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by, and a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit on and rest at times, after walking my beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face when the dreary monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to seep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived I stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots, and roused Moore

"He rose slowly, picked up his gun, stepped to the fire and stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned; and while his arms were extended, and his hand grasping the barrel of his gun, there was a flash across the river, and the whiz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth, with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark, crimson tide. Not a word, not a groan es-

caped him.
"I removed his remains from near the fire where he had fallen. And as I did so my eyes fell on the telegraphic column of a newspaper, and it was headed: "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight." And, oh, how truthful it was! It was certainly all quiet with me, and with him whom I loved as a

"I could not help shedding a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife, and his children, and to the falsehood told by those whose guest I had been, and whose treachery had caused his death, and they grew bitter, and a demon of vengeance arose in my heart, which was not stilled until the white dove of peace had spread her showy pinions over the whole face of the land and the bombshell rolled across the sward the plaything of a

"When morning dawned the words in that newspaper were burned in my brain. They rang in my ears, and were painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together—his letters, sword, hat, all—and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his marble face and glazed eyes in the unbroken silence of my lonely watch I felt what face When morning dawned the words of my lonely watch I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Orderly Sergeant W. W. Williamson (who was a fine critic) and Lieutenants Graham and Depritt, of my company, and Williamson suggested that if I would only make it more pathetic, instead of sarcastic, it would take better.
I did so, and on the 9th of August I

and received their highest com tion. I gave them copies of the origi-nal, and they recopied and sent them home, and soon the whole regiment, brigade, division and army were in

possession of it.

"My father, whom I met shortly after the completion of it, suggested that, instead of 'stray picket,' I ought to say 'lone picket.' But I did not alter it. The ladies of Leesburg, in London County, Virginia, put the words to music, and used to sing them for us long before they were printed. for us long before they were printed. I gave one copy to a Miss Eva Lee, and one to a Miss Hempstone. Also a copy to John M. Orr, who at the time was Mayor of the town. I gave copies to many others, whose names I can not

A quarter-century has elapsed, and now this champion of a "lost cause" touchingly writes that the glory he fought for has faded; and he cares nothing for what is in the eternal past, that he has no enmity in his heart, but loves the soldiers who were the blue and fought to maintain the Union.— Bridgton (Mc.) letter to the Boston

Herald. THE BUFFALO'S MUD BATH. Ring.Shaped Wallow No Longer Familiar Sight on the Prairie.

A buffalo wallow, once one of the most familiar objects on the prairies, is a circular depression, having a dia-meter of from six to thirteen feet—the average, perhaps, about twelve feet. In approaching a large herd during the Summer the first indication of the presence of the huge animals was an immense cloud of dust rising high in the air, for the buffalo, as do many of the wild beasts, loves to revel in the fine sand or dirt, which he furnishes by digging it up with his horns. 'Like a bull in his wallow,' was once a fre-quent saying on the plains, and it had a very significant meaning with those who had ever witnessed a buffalo bull endeavoring to cool himself off in a

Many years ago, in the early days of travel on the great plains, the travellers believed these curious rings to have been made by the Indians in their dances, but the idea prevailed for a short time. The buffalo, whose hair is remarkable for its intense shagginess and thickness, must necessarily suffer severely from the heat, and then he will seek the lowest ground on the prairie, where there has been a little staguant water left, if he can find it; of course the ground being soft under the short grass, it is an easy matter for him to make a mud puddle of the spot in a very short time. He accomplishes this by getting down on one knee, plunging his short horns, and at last his head, into the earth, and he soon makes an excavation into which the water slowly filters. This makes a relatively cool bath, where, throwing himself on his side as flat as he can, he rolls forcibly around and, with his horns and hump, he rips up the ground by his rotary motion, sinking deeper and deeper, continually making the wallow larger, which fills with water, in which at length he becomes completely immersed, the water and mud, mixed to the consistency of mortar, covering him perfectly, changing his color and general appearance. When he rose the mud dripped in great streams from every part of his huge body, a horrible looking monster of mud and ugliness, too terrible to be accurately described. It was generally the leader of the herd who took upon himself the business of making the wallow, or if he found another had commenced the excavation, he would drive him away and wallow until be was satisfied, standing in a mass of mud and water in the hole until he got ready to give the others a chance. It was always the next in

make a decent wallow, and the depth was about two feet. The water naturally drains into these holes, together with its accompanying vegetable de-posit, and the result is a remarkably rich soil, where the grass and weeds grow with a luxuriance so marked that a buffalo wallow can be distin-guished long before it is reached. The prairies are covered with them all over the central and western position of Kansas, where the plosign has not yet disturbed the primitive sod. The first thing a Kansas farmer does after a rain is to examine the buffalo wallows; if they are filled with water the rain has been a good one, and the saying common in that region, both by the individual and the newspapers, is,

when speaking or writing of a soaking rain. "The buffalo wallows are full." When the weather was dry the boffalo had to content himself with the comminuted dust be could make in the hole, and, as the weather was generally dry, the wnereabouts of a herd could usually be located by the cloud of dust rising above it.—Kansas City

CHEAP AND SUCCESSFUL. History of a Stockholm Paper Ran O. the American Plan.

We have an ultra-cheap paper here, the success of which is truly of the American sort, writes a correspondent. I say its success is American because the paper has grown up so quickly.

The paper is called the Stockholm

Nyheter (News). It is thoroughly radical politically and advocates incessantly the abrogation of the monarchy and the state church.

and the state church.

It was only three years ago that the publisher got what was, according to the view of many, a mad idea of printing a paper for the subscription of 1 cere, or 3 crowns, per year. It would be impossible to get any lower. A little over 3,000 subscriptions came in on the start, but without advertise-ments it was printed at a loss. The "ads" did not flow in like the sub-scriptions. Well, the ære system was again set in motion in another direction. After the paper had been going for three months it commenced to have a widespread circulation and more

a widespread circulation and more comprehensive than any other Stockholm daily.

At the beginning of the publication there were about 100 newsboys; now there are over 250 little follows who reap the farthings. The publisher receives 1 ære from the newsboys, and they in turn sell them for 2 ære, the cheanest price ever paid for a newscheapest price ever paid for a news-paper in this country. The daily sale of this paper on the streets and outside is about 18,000 copies. The subscrip-tion list has grown to 12,000, making the total 30,000 and over. Now the advertisement patronage has also be-

Sixty-three per cent of the West Point cadets fail on mental examina-

MISSING LINKS.

It was in Italy, after Flanders, that the manufacture of tapestry attained the highest position during the sixteenth century. Ferrara appears to have been the most ancient and most important manufactory in Italy.

Lord Tennyson has recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" into a phonograph, so that the sound of his voice may be heard "in summers that we shall

Nearly 7,000 pounds of attar of roses were exported from Turkey last year, worth \$350,000. Essence of geranium has been employed for adulteration, and the Turkish government has now forbidden the importation of this es-

A curious art imposition has been discovered in Paris. An ingenious person stole bronze and marble busts from the cemetery of Montparnesse, Paris, touched them up and sold them as effigies of famous heroes, statesmen and orators.

Graphite has been discovered near Santo Espiritu. Cuba, and the owners of the mine intend to commence work immediately in connection with some American capitalists, as the mineral, which is as good as that of Siberia, can be advantageously disposed of in the United States.

The Bradly-Martins, of New York, have set a fashion which will possibly find imitators among other rich Americans. Instead of spending the winter in New York or Florida they have se-eured a palace at Cairo and will give some sumptuous entertainments in true oriental splendor.

Gov. Francis T. Nichols of Louisiana, who made such a fight against the lottery in his state, is dismembered to a remarkable extent. He has lost a leg and an arm and is blind in one eye. He lost his leg at Chancellorsville and is arm was carried away by a cannon ball at Winchester.

The hop vine is said to be sinistrorse because it twines with the motion of the sun, that is, from right to left, Beans, morning glories and all other species of climbing plants, with the exception of one of the honeysuckles, are dextrose, turning opposite to the apparent motion of the sun, or from

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor I'll never smoke again" and he has kept his word.

A very interesting book will shortly appear. It is Fanny Kemblo's "Last Records," a sequel to "Recollections of My Girlhood," which most persons have read and enjoyed. Mrs. Kemble must be over eighty now, but her memory is still unclouded, her intellect clear, and she is full of anecdotes of the interesting persons she has

Mrs. Burnett is said to stand at the head of our authors just now in her literary earnings. The London Daily News says that she has received for her American rights on the play of 'Little Lord Fauntieroy," no less that £17,000 (\$85,000), and that if we were to add her similar profits in England on "enormous sales" of this novel the amount carned out of the book would be "quite startling."

Olive Thorne Miller has completed command who stood ready; and when treatment of which she is happiest-he came out, the next, who advanced one on out-door studies of birds; the in his turn, and so on according to other studies of pet animals in the rank until all had performed their house. The bird lover maintains a ablutions. Frequently a hundred or regular birdroom in her cozy Brooklyn more would patiently wait their turn, cach one making the wallow a little larger. The standard patiently wait their turn, where she often sits quietly for hours watching her birds and gathering material for her delightful books and material for her delightful books and Wilkes Booth, to take Mr. Brown's magazine articles.

Hunting the Gorilla.

From a recent lecture by Paul du

would have to stop and learn another language. I finally got to the cannibal country, the land of the gorills. I here heard some startling stories about this man-ape, but could not at first get any of the natives to go with me to hunt the gorilla. At last I gave three cannibals as many beads as they could carry to go with me. On the night before we started they danced around the idols and bled their hands in about twenty places and rubbed the blood over their hearts. They then scraped the bones of their ancestors and swallowed the scrapings, under the belief that it would get into their blood and make them brave. We then others came up to me and we heard the noise again. The branches of the trees near us were loaded down with

This beast measured 5 feet 11 inches, and the spread of his arms was 5 feet 4 inches. The circumference of his chest was 7 feet. He seemed to be a dozen including the news agent were his chest was 7 feet. He seemed to be constructed of bones and muscles of wires.

Disgrace in Ireland.

She is an Irishwoman, bright, witty, entertaining, as an educated Irishwoman cannot help being. She was telling me of a gathering in a certain hotel parlor in the Green Isle soon after one of the periodical uprisings among the Irish people against landlordism. In mentioning certain facts regarding the persons present at this regarding the persons present at this meeting she spoke of the imprisonment of this one or that as a matter of course. I remarked that it was a strange condition of affairs—that in which the prison had lost its taint. "Taint!" she cried. "Not to have been in jail is a disgrace!'- Twentieth Century

Dandee boat-builders get 7 pence

KAISER WILHELM.

He Is Fond of the Girls and Likes Piny Practical Jokes.

In spite of the fact that the young German emperor has a shriveled arm, necessitating the use of an instrument, which is in reality a combined kuife and fock, or fork sharpened on one edge for cutting purposes, he is, among his intimates, a jelly good fellow, fond of all the pleasures of life and much given to practical joking and nonsense in general, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Sun. His left arm, the shriveled one, is not only considerably shorter one, is not only considerably shorter than the other, but is almost absolutely without strength. The only use he can put it to is to remove his eigar or eigarette. However, the right arm is endowed with extraordinary strength for the Hesommodation of Patrons and vigor, and this youthful monarch is not averse to putting it to a very no-ble use at times—to-wit, encircling a taper waist. During the trip to Norway last summer he took great pleasure in ranging about incog., and one day an officer of the imperial yacht had the misfertune to come face to face with the young emperor when the lat-ter had a very pretty girl by his side. What was to be done? It was too late to turn back. To halt, face front, and salute would put the youthful monarch in a bad fix. Under these circumstances the officer turned his back and pre tended to be gazing into a shop win-dow. Suddenly he felt a sharp pinch on his arm and heard a voice whisper-ing. "You did that very nicely. Try to find as pretty a girl as I have. You have leave of absence until to-morrow

morning. The emperor's special chum is Count Eulenberg, and the two friends, attired in the style of well-to-do citizens, take great delight in knocking about the streets of Berlin, arm in arm, smok ing eigarettes and ogling the girls. Nor is he above the indiscretion of coming to a halt and having a friendly chat when he hears a cocotte ery Oh, look at that handsome blonde!"

of practical a joke, and scarcely a day passes that some member of his per-sonal household doesn't fall a victim to this penchant for harmless mischief. As the emperor is a great lover of art -being a painter of no mean ability. as is attested by the many excellent pictures which adorn the cabin of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, one and all his own work—he never neglects to have some artist of acknowledged ability on board when out on a cruise. The business of this artist is to make sketches of places visited, and, above all, of fetes, reviews, triumphal entries. etc., in which the young emperor figures as the bright particular star. emperor, however, insisted on one half-hour. But no sooner had the artist settled down in his task than William gave the signal to get under headway. At first the artist was too intent upon his canvas to notice his landscape was slipping away from him, but suddenly he realized the position he was in, and turning suddenly about, found his royal termenter with a group of choice spirits all convulsed with mirth. The painter made a motion as if to stop, but William called out:

"But the landscape, your majesty?"
"Will be a panorama," cried William, amid shouts of language.

A STORY OF BOSTON CORBETT. How and Why He Tried to Kill D. L. Brown, of Cloud County, Kas.

D. L. Brown, of Concordia, Kas., was at the Union Depot. says the Kansas City Star, on his way to the southeast-ern part of Kansas.

Wilkes Booth, to take Mr. Brown's life. Corbett was a superstitious sort of a fellow, and believing God had commissioned him to care for the spiritual welfare of the people of Cloud County, they were harrassed with his Chailin at Bryn Mawr College:

"I continued my travels all alone from one tribes another, learning their indiguages, which carried me through a couple of tribes, when I come. Forbearance with these good people had ceased to be a virtue. the feasibility of incarnating Corbett in the State Insane Asylum was talked

At that time Mr. Brown was the

Probate Judge of Cloud County and Corbett would necessarily have to be brought before him and his sanity determined by jury before he could be removed to the asylum. Corbett imagined that his oft-consulted friend was at the head of the movement and he resolved to kill him on sight. Accordingly he made sure that his old army Colt's pistol, the one he used in shooting Booth, was in good trim and awaited his opportunity. About that time Corbett received notice from went into the forest. The silence was wonderful. Not a sound broke the stillness. We saw nothing for two days. On the third day I was about 190 yards ahead of the parly when I heard the sound of a branch breaking. I gave the signal of danger. The others came up to me and we heard. Concordia one Monday morning for Topeka, on the same day Mr. Brown had decided to pay a visit to the capital. Corbett walked into the coach with his trees near us were loaded down with red berries. My heart was beating and I was forced to stand still to calm myself. I waited for a few minutes and there was no sound. Suddenly the noise was repeated and a huge monster stood before me. He had a black face, short legs and body covered with hair. His deep-sunken gray eyes looked at me, as he sat twelve feet away. With a howl be was getting ready to come for me when I shot him through the heart. This was the first gorilla killed by a white man in 2,000 years. ter of the coach, his face livid with rage, waiting for his victim to turn the a dozen including the news agent were greatly frightened at the impending danger. The latter, a boy of 18 years, summoned up enough courage to pass Corbett and go out of the front door and warn Brown. The latter entered the coach ahead and with a handsome but deadly looking double action revolver in hand awaited an attack from Corbett. The latter entered tack from Corbett. The latter en deavored to force his way through the deavored to force his way through the door, but the conductor appearing on the scene finally persuaded him to return to his seat. Corbett kept his hand on his revolver all the way on the journey. The excitement of the sessions of the legislatures and his rehearsings of the killing of Booth almost completely unbalanced his mind. How he adjourned the senate at the point of his revolver is well known. point of his revolver is well known.

Many of the best English jockeys sarn over \$500 a week.

THE MODEL SALOON.

Choice Wines,

Billard and Pool Wable

J. S. CLONINGER, Prop'r.

St. Charles Hotel.

FIRST CLASS IN >-

ST. HELENS, . . - OREGON. C. W. KNOWLES, Prop'r.

- EVERY RESPECT.

Corner of Front and Morrison Streets, Portland, Oregon

Liouors and Cigars. Beer 5 Cts. J. G. WATTS & CO. SCAPPOOSE, OREGON,

-Dealer in-DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, TINWARE,

Country Produce Handled,

EVERDING & FARRELL,

FRONT STREET,

CALL AROUND.

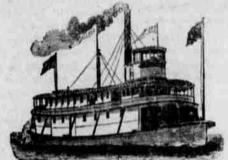
PORTLAND, OREGON.

---- DEALERS IN >---Wheat, Oats and Mill Feed of all Kinds. HAY, SHINCLES, LIME, LAND PLASTER.

Also Flour, Bacon, and a CROCERIES, Which we Sell Cheap for Cash. Give us a Call.

EVERDING & FARRELL.

The young German emperor is fond JOS. KELLOGG & CO'S STEAMERS



was at anchor the emperor summoned his artist and expressed a desire for a pleaded indisposition for work. The emperor, however, insisted. West.

For Cowlitz River.

JOSEPH KELLOGG Leaves Portland, from foot of Taylor Thursday and Saturday, at 7 a. m., vis. Williamette Slough, touching at 8t Helens, Columbia City, Kalamur, Carroll's Point, Rainier, Cedar Landing, Monticello, and all intermediate points. Returning "aves Freeport at 6 a m. Monday, Wednesday and

TRYA" FFFF "WHEEL

and get MORE POWER and use LESS WATER

THE LEFFEL WATER WHEEL & ENGINE CO. SPRINGFIELD, O., U.S.A.



STEAMER G. W. SHAVER,

J. W. SHAVER, Master.

Leaves Portland from Alder st. clock Monday Westnesday, Friday, for Class kanie, touching at Sauvies Island, St. Helens, Columbia City, Kalama, Neer City, Raimer, Cedar Landing, Mt. Coffin, Bradbury, Stells, Oak Point, and all intermediate points. Returning Tuesday Thursday and Saturday.

TSEAMER MANZANILLO

GEO. SHAVER, Master.

Leaves Tuesdays and Thursdays, for CLATSKANIE and intermediate points. Returning next day. On Sundays, for SKAMOKAWA, CATHLAMET and WESTPORT, and intermediate points, returning next day,

DON'T BUY YOUR DRUGS

ANYWHERE

But at a regular DRUG STORE

FRESHEST, PUREST.

of everything at

The Clatskanie Drug Store

DR. J. E. HALL PROPRIETOR

-D. DISNEY,-

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER
Repairing a Specialty.

F. L. POSSON & SON.
We carry a full stock of the Very
Best SEEDS, TREES, BULBS,

ST. HELENS, OREGON

F. L. POSSON & SON, 209 2nd Street, Portland, Oregon.